

DELL
COMIC

JULY 1961

Tom and Jerry

Comics



A 52 PAGE COMIC MAGAZINE



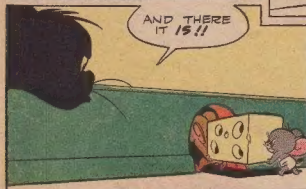
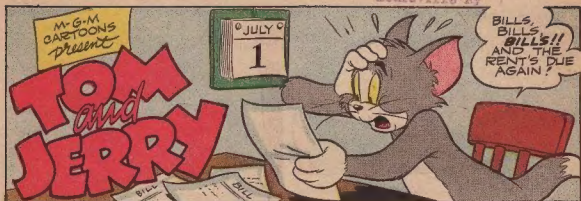
Big League

Three-flavored fun * from Mars' sunlit
kitchens—the best liked chocolate-covered
candy bar in all the world...

Milky Way

- * {
1. Rich milk chocolate
2. Golden caramel
3. Creamy chocolate malted milk nougat





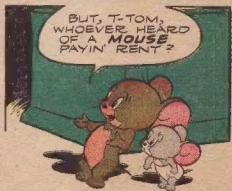
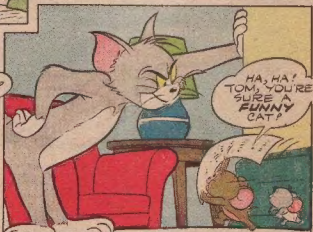
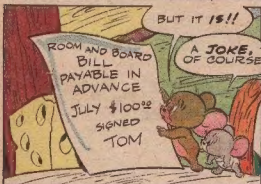
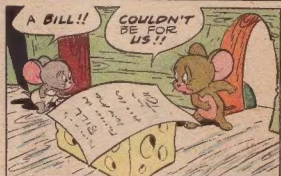
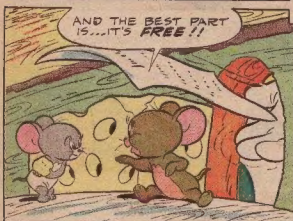
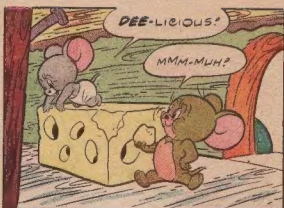
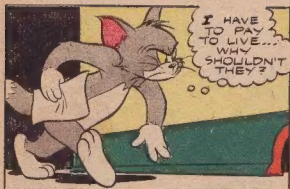
LET'S SEE NOW, HOW MUCH..

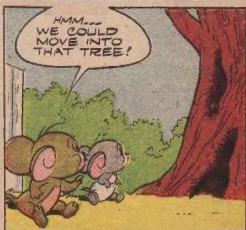
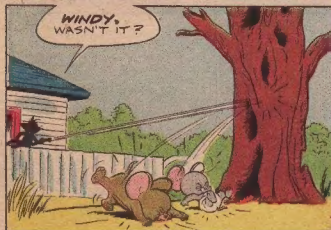
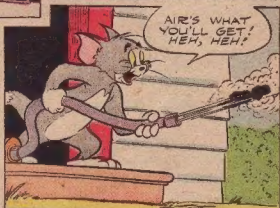
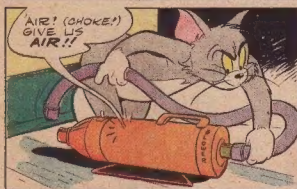
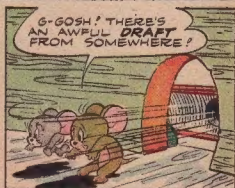
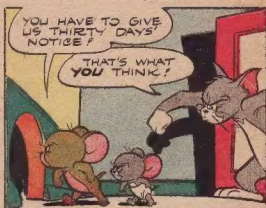
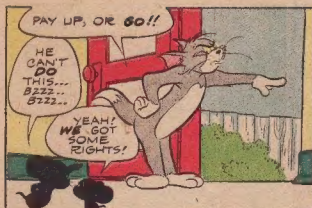


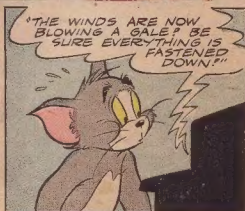
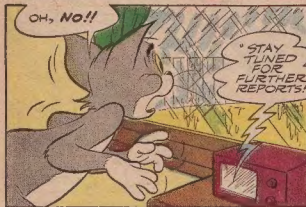
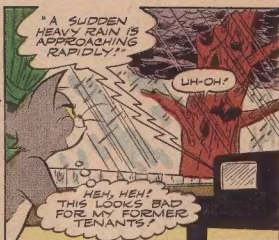
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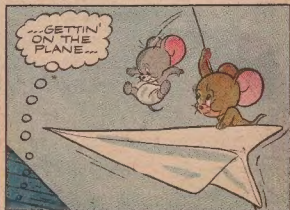
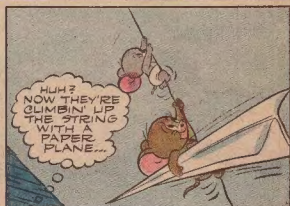
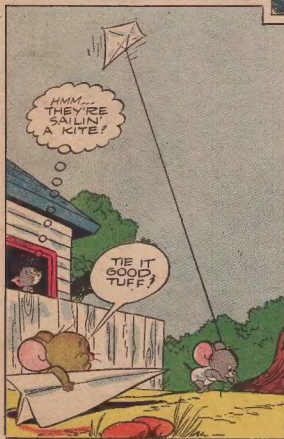
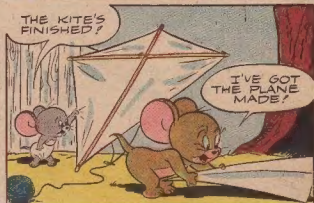
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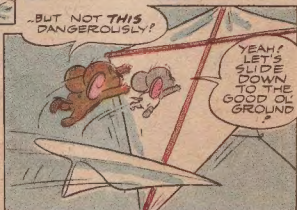
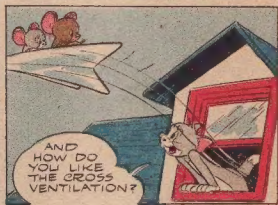
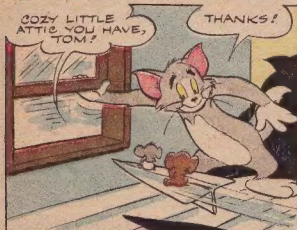
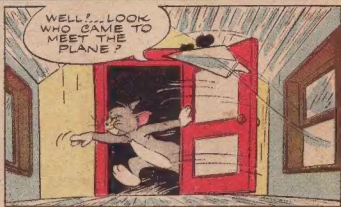
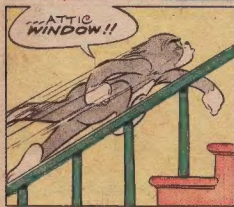
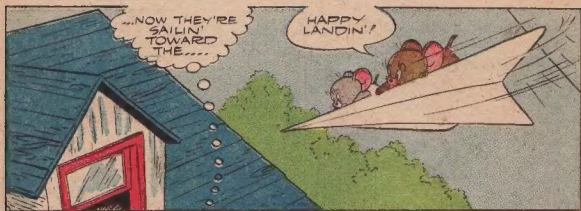
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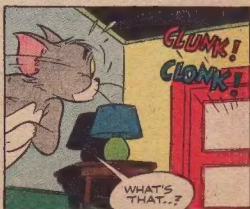
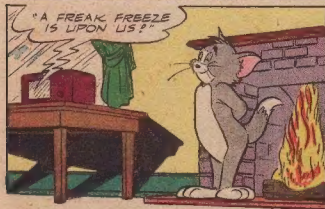
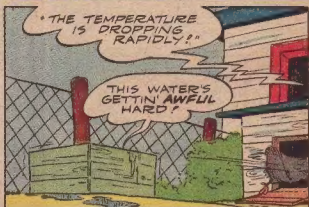
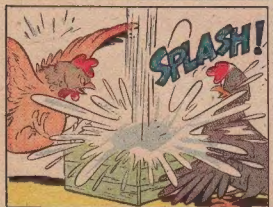
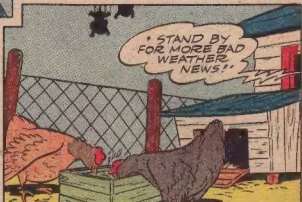
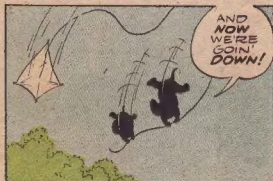
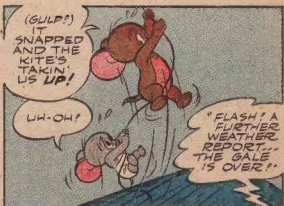
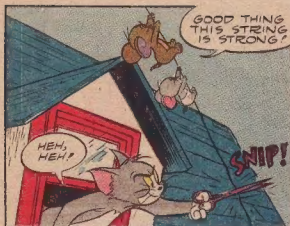


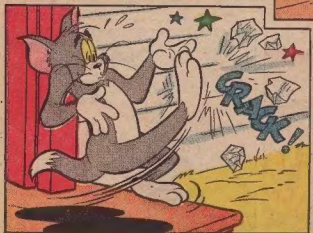
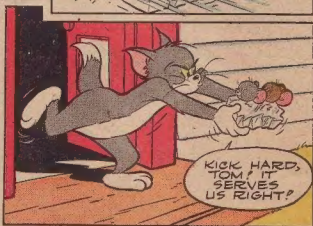
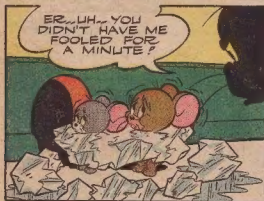
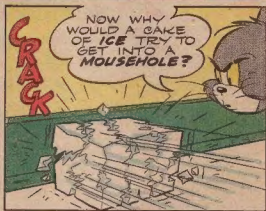
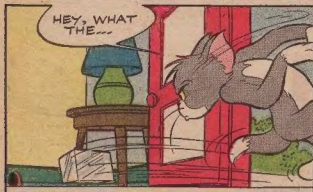
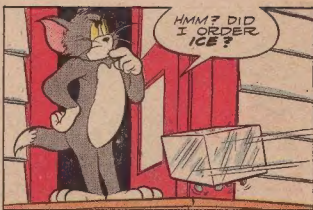
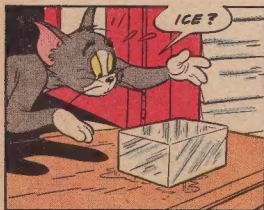


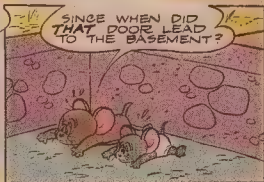
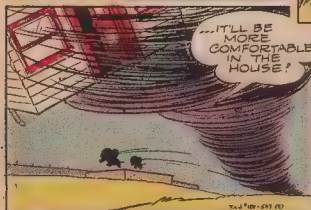
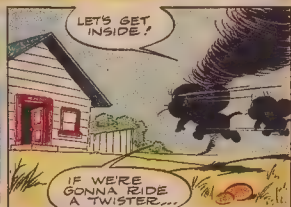
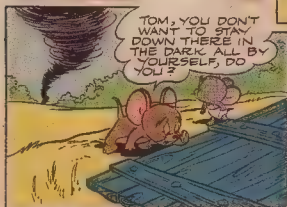
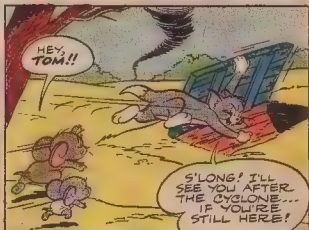
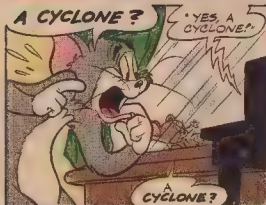
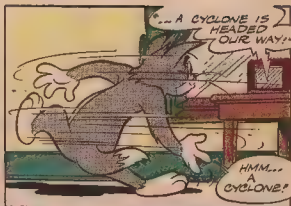


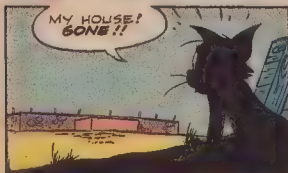
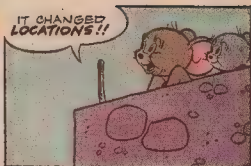
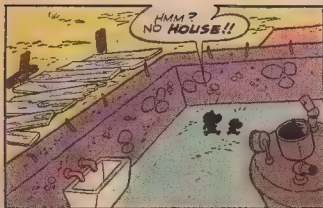




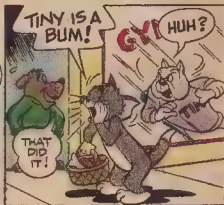
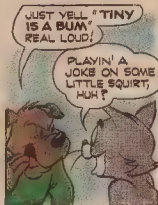
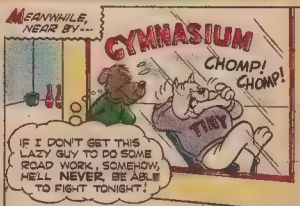


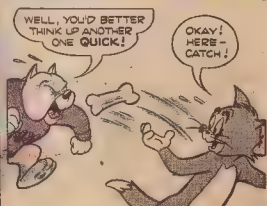
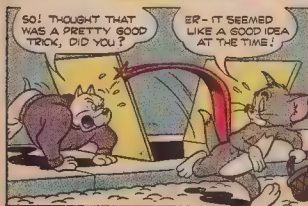
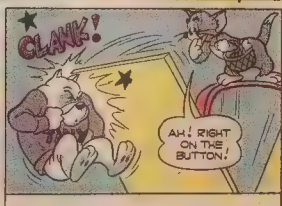
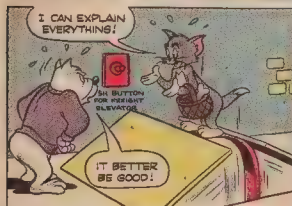
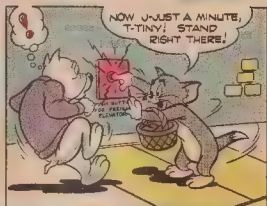
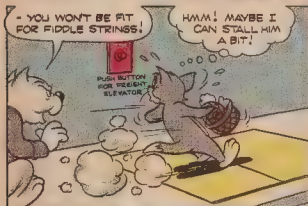
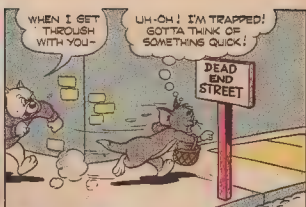
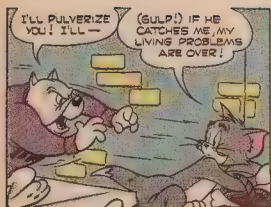


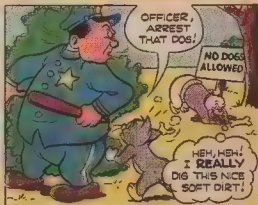
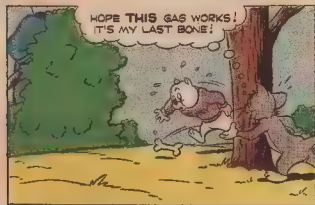
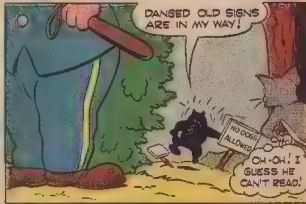
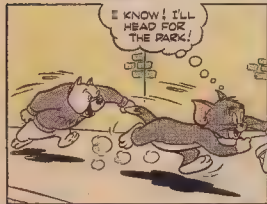
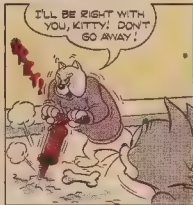
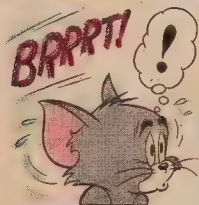
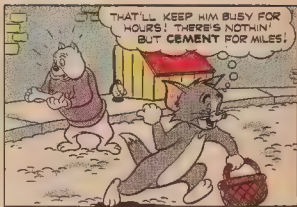
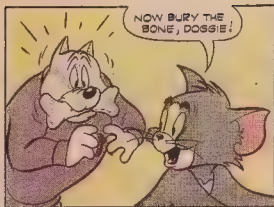


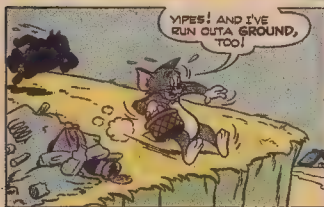
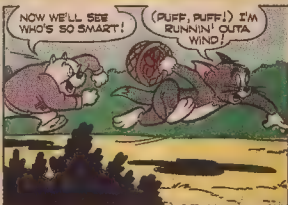
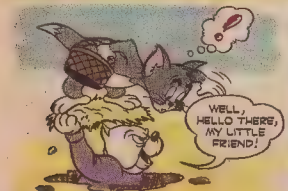
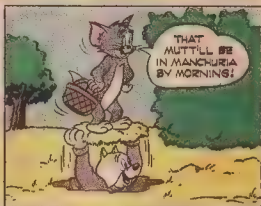
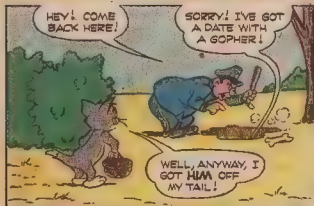
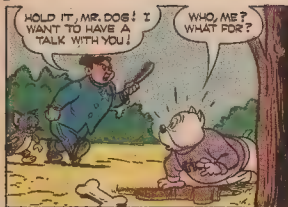


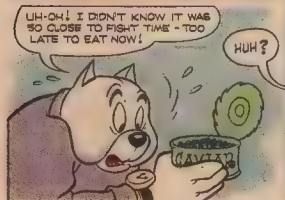
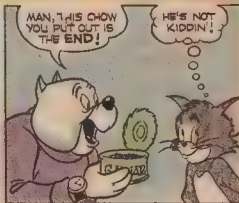
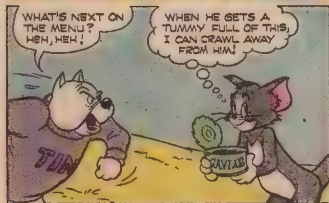
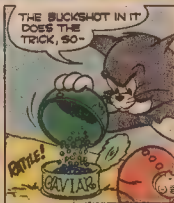
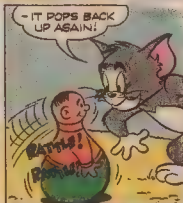
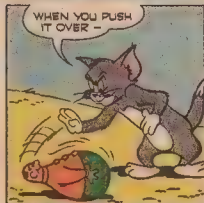
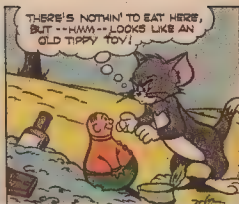
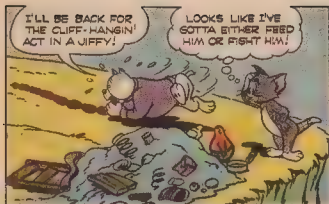
M-G-M CARTOONS
present
THE
Adventures
OF
Tom

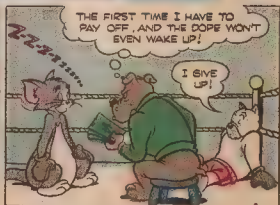
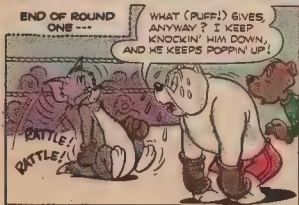
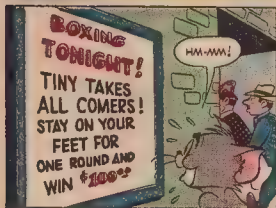
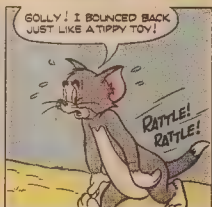
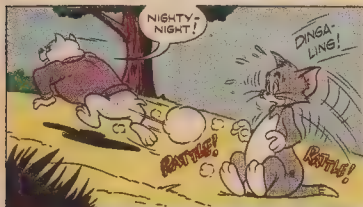
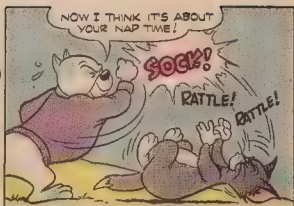
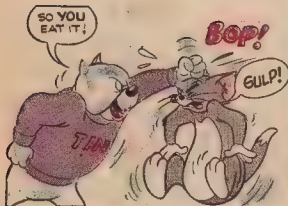


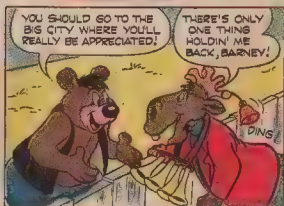
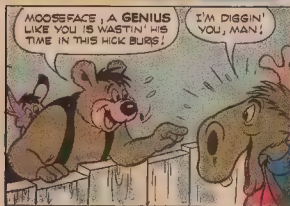
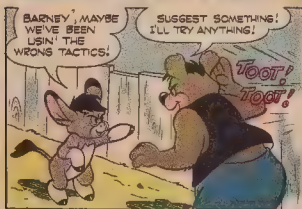
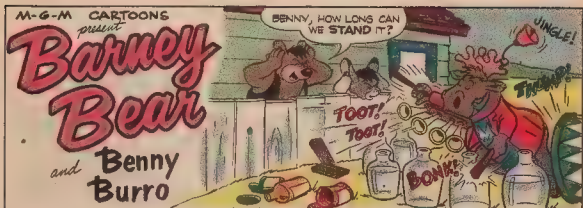


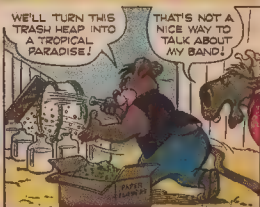
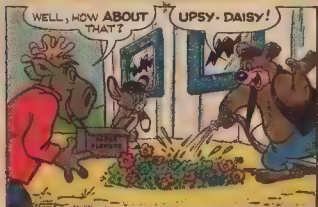
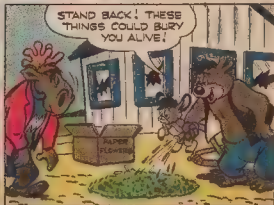
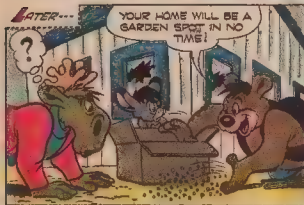
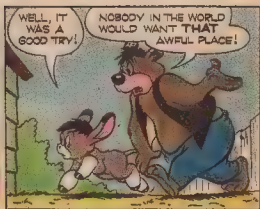


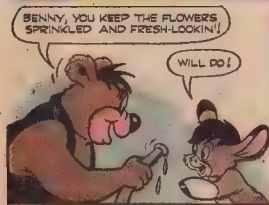
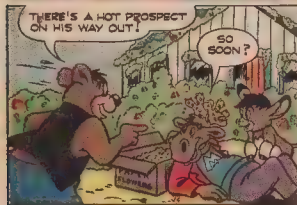
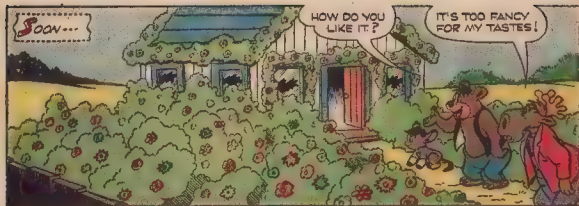


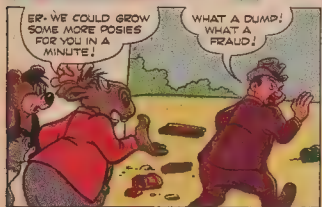
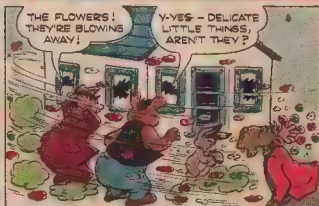
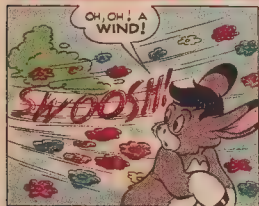
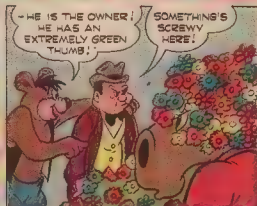
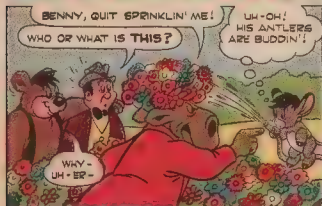
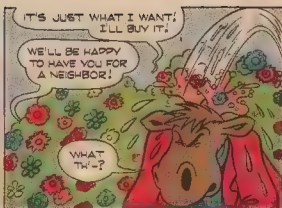
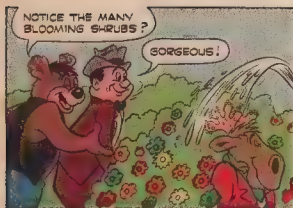


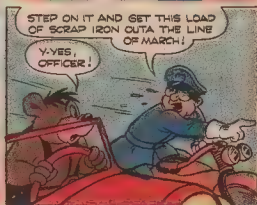
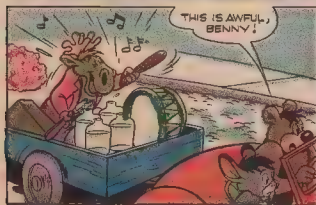
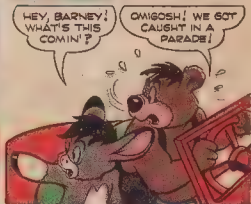
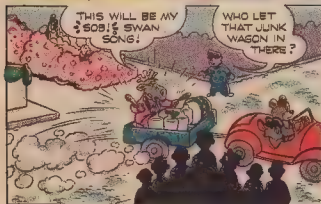
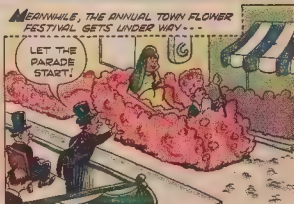
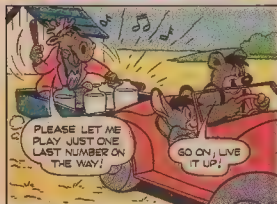
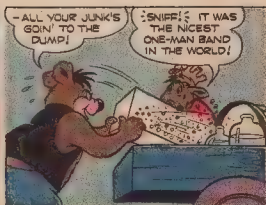
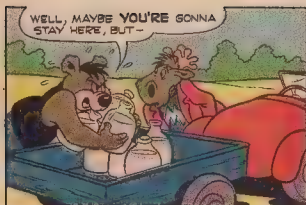


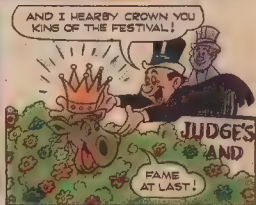
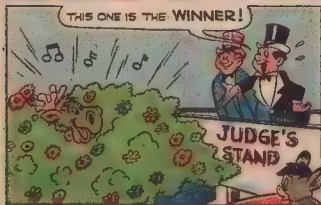
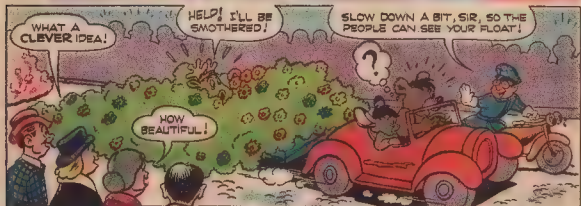
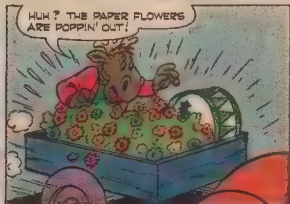
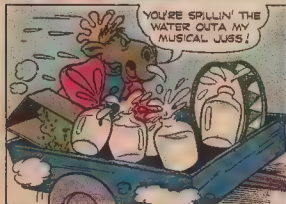
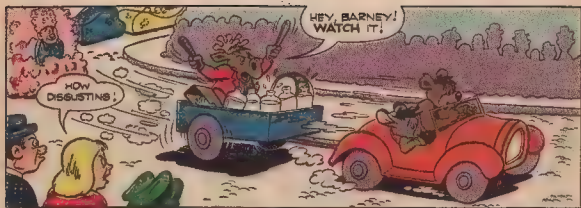












LATER...

I AM NOW ADMIRED AND
RESPECTED BY MY
FELLOW TOWNSMEN!

THE MOOSE IS
PRETTY PROUD
OF HIMSELF!

THAT'S
OKAY!

CITY
DUM

LET HIM HAVE HIS
MOMENT OF GLORY!

DUMP HER

AT LEAST WE'RE RID OF
HIS RUBBISH!

AM I LUCKY! FOUND A
BRAND-NEW MESS OF
INSTRUMENTS!

YIPES!

WE SHOULD HAVE
LEFT WELL ENOUGH
ALONE!

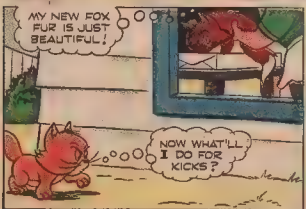
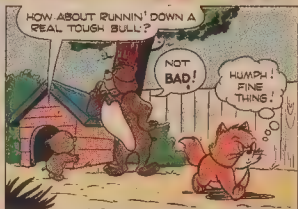
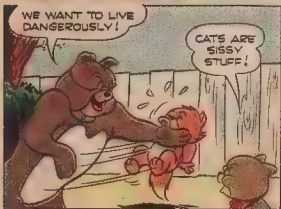
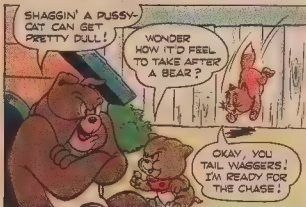
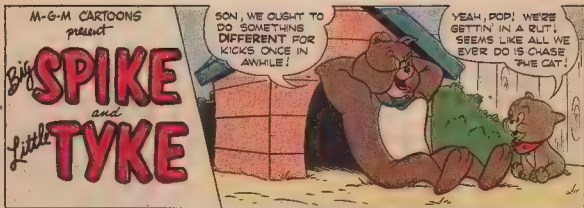
THIS'LL MAKE ME
TOP ONE-MAN BAND
OF THE COUNTRY!

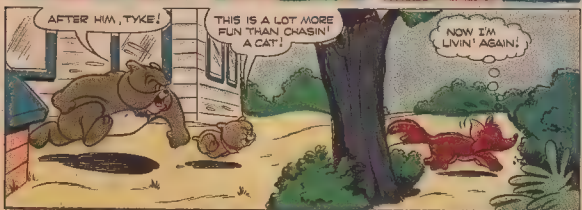
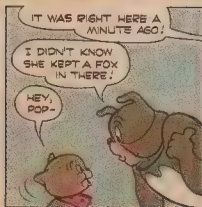
NOW HIS YARD
REALLY LOOKS
LIKE THE CITY
DUMP!

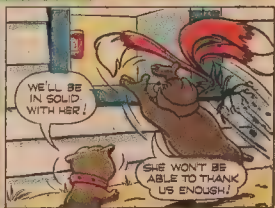
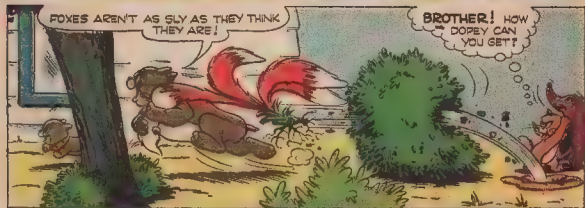
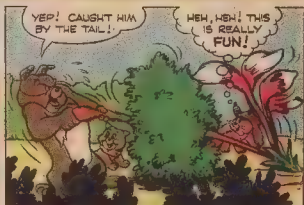
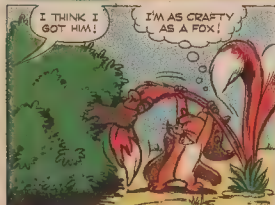
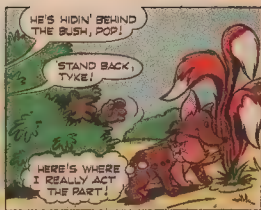
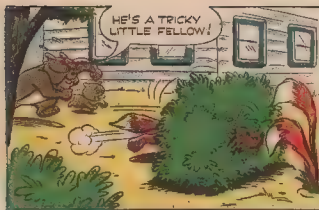
YOU'RE NOT
KIDDIN' -

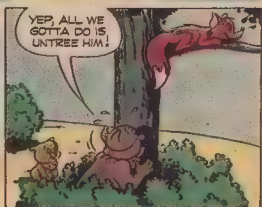
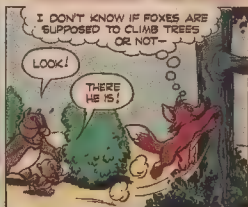
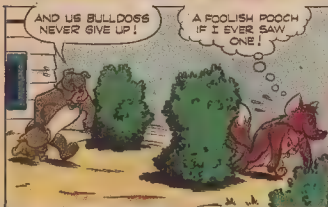
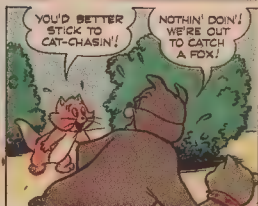
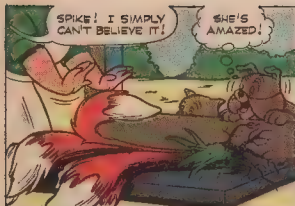
EVERYONE ELSE
THINKS SO, TOO!

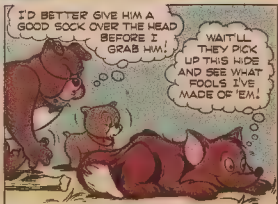
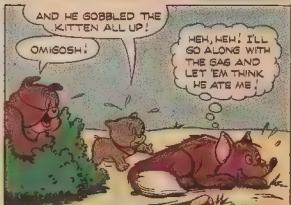
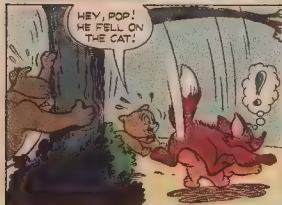
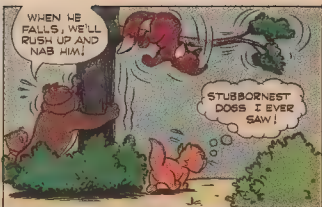
OW!

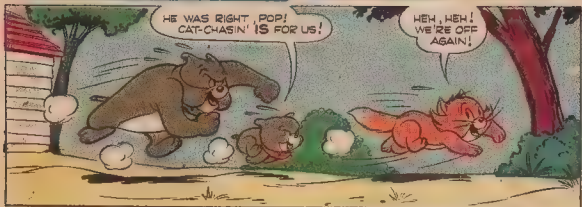
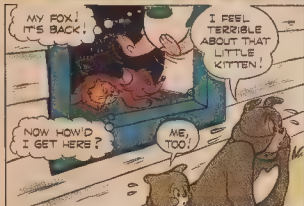




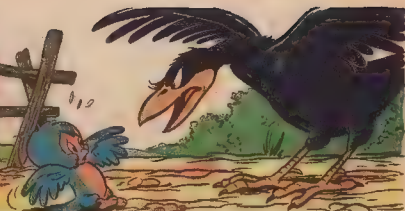








present
**BERTIE
BIRD** in
**'A DANGEROUS
GAME'**



"Hi, Bertie!" cried Susie Sparrow, popping out of a tree as Bertie flew past. "Why are you looking so cross?"

"I can't find anybody to play hide-and-seek with," answered Bertie.

"Well, cheer up!" said Susie. "I'll play with you, and you may have the first turn at hiding, too."

"Okay!" chirped Bertie. "But, remember, no peeping!"

"I won't peep, Bertie," Susie promised, "and I won't start to look for you until you signal. Honest I won't." And back she darted to the thickly-foliaged tree in which she had been perching.

Bertie gave Susie time to get settled in the tree, then he flew quickly toward Farmer Brown's place.

"There are lots of wonderful hiding places on a farm," thought Bertie, "but I'll have to be careful 'cause there's lots of danger there, too."

To fool Susie, in case she was peeping after all, Bertie zigged all around, and flying low behind a hill, he finally reached an outlying meadow.

As he started across the meadow, he heard strange, exciting noises coming from a field directly ahead of him.

"What's going on?" he wondered.

Speeding up, Bertie soon discovered the cause of all the noise. It was Farmer Brown and a flock of crows.

Farmer Brown was busily plowing his field, and the crows, chattering and shrieking, were following directly behind him gobbling up worms upturned in the furrows made by the plow.

"Cheer!" exclaimed Bertie. "Look at those

big fat worms!" And he circled over the crows watching them enviously.

Suddenly an idea popped into Bertie's head. He would hide among the crows, and while Susie looked for him he could be enjoying a lunch of delicious worms.

So down zoomed Bertie right into the midst of the crows, but before he could signal Susie or snatch a worm, a big fierce-looking crow hopped menacingly toward him.

"Hey, you!" cawed the crow. "What do you think you're going to do?"

"Nothing much," answered Bertie, taking several quick hops backward. "I was thinking of hiding from Susie Sparrow—we're playing hide-and-seek, you know. And while I was hiding, I thought maybe I'd eat a teeny-weeny worm."

"Eat what?" yelled the crow, shoving Bertie over backwards.

"Grasshoppers!" shouted the frightened little bluebird.

"That's more like it!" growled the crow, and he returned to his feeding.

Bertie tried to dart up into the air, but his wings seemed to be all tangled up. Then just as he got them untangled, along came a sudden stiff breeze that snatched Farmer Brown's straw hat off his head, whirled it round and round through the air, and finally dropped it down on Bertie.

Of course Bertie didn't know he was under a straw hat—he thought something had captured him. "Let me go!" he screamed, clawing, pecking, and thrashing about.

But Bertie eventually found that he was unable to escape, and he was too exhausted to fight any more, so he quieted down.

"I know," he thought. "I'll signal Susie.

Maybe she can help me!" He whistled as shrilly as he could.

To Bertie's utter amazement, Susie answered almost immediately. She had not only peeped, she must have followed him.

"Here I am, Bertie!" cried Susie. "And I must say, you certainly picked the silliest places to hide."

"I'm not hiding!" answered Bertie. "I'm trapped! And I can't get out!"

"I don't see why not," said Susie. "You're only under a little pile of straw." She did not know it was a hat, either.

"Oh!" said Bertie, and he lowered his head and tried to push his way out through the straw.

Suddenly Susie gave a cry of alarm. "Stop, Bertie! Stay where you are! Here comes Mister Sparrow Hawk! I've got to hide, but as soon as he's gone, I'll come back and help you get out." And she darted away.

Left alone under the hat, Bertie shivered and shook with fright. Not for himself—the hawk could not see him—but for poor Susie. "Chee!" he said. "I hope the hawk doesn't catch her."

Bertie did not need to worry about Susie. He should have been worrying about himself, for the sparrow hawk had spied the straw hat and, thinking it was a bird's nest, he swooped down upon it.

"Umph!" grunted Bertie as the heavy hawk landed upon the hat and squashed Bertie flat on the ground.

The sharp-eared hawk, hearing Bertie's grunt, hopped off the hat, grabbed the rim in his strong beak, and jerked the hat off Bertie.

"Aha!" cried the hawk, quickly pinning

Bertie down with his claw. "I've caught me a nice plump bluebird!"

Bertie was terrified, but he knew it would do no good to struggle. He would have to try to talk his way out of this terrible situation.

"Please, Mister Sparrow Hawk," Bertie said, "you don't want a tough little bird like me. My feathers taste awful bitter. They might even choke you and make you cough! Wouldn't you rather have dozens of big fat delicious worms?"

"Worms? Dozens of them?" shrieked Mister Sparrow Hawk, clacking his beak hungrily. "Of course I'd rather have tender worms! Where are they? Tell me! Quick!"

"They're across the field where Farmer Brown's plowing," answered Bertie. "He's turning up hundreds of them with his plow."

The greedy sparrow hawk quickly let go of Bertie and darted away.

"Cheepers!" exclaimed Bertie. "What a narrow escape!"

As soon as the sparrow hawk was out of sight, back came Susie.

"Oh, Bertie!" she cried. "I thought that awful sparrow hawk was going to carry you away. How did you ever get rid of him?"

"It was easy," bragged Bertie. "I just told him about the worms Farmer Brown was turning up with his plow. But of course I didn't mention anything about the flock of crows who were already enjoying the worms. Wait until Mister Sparrow Hawk meets them."

"He just did!" twittered Susie. "Look!"

Bertie looked, then he and Susie hopped up and down gleefully as they watched the angry crows chase the scared sparrow hawk off into the distance.

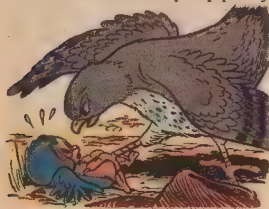
"Twee, twee, twee!" twittered Bertie. "I sure got even with that mean old crow and Mister Sparrow Hawk." He told Susie about the crow, then he continued, "Come on! It's our turn to follow Farmer Brown and lunch on delicious worms."

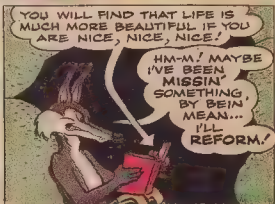
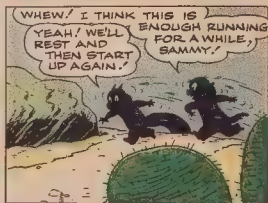
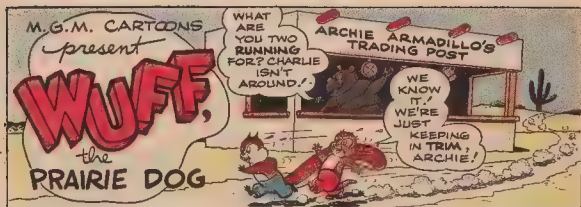
"But what about our game of hide-and-seek?" asked Susie.

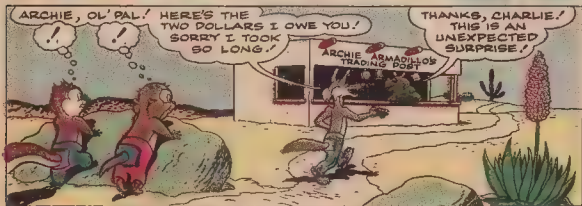
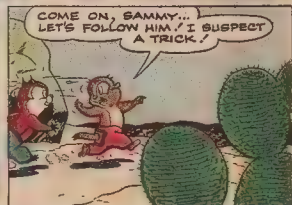
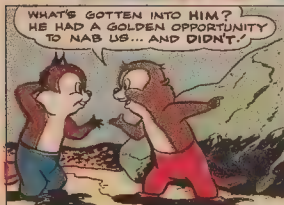
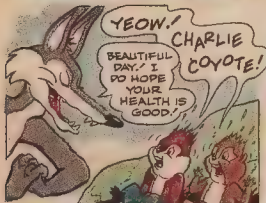
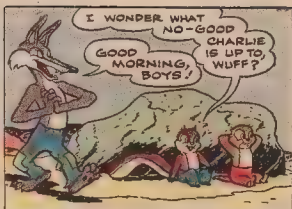
"Oh, we'll play it right after lunch," said Bertie. "We'll need the exercise then 'cause I intend to eat and eat and eat!"

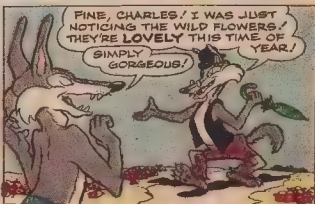
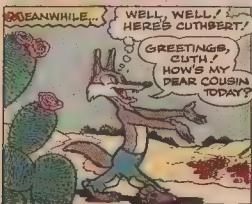
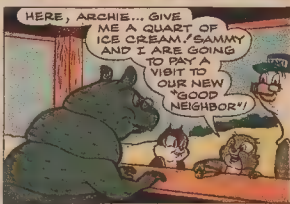
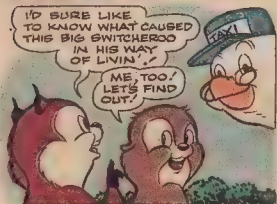
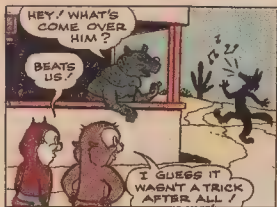
"Me, too!" chirped Susie happily.

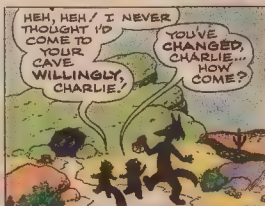
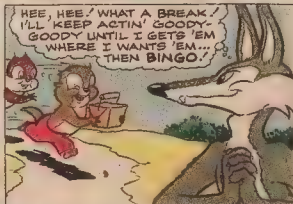
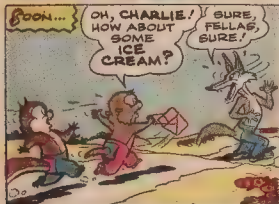
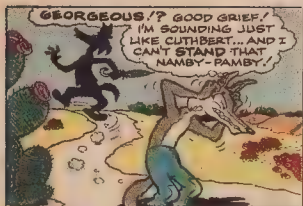
And off they flew across the field.

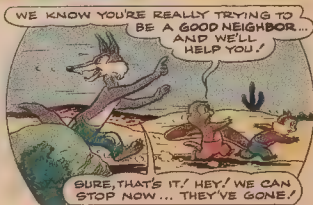
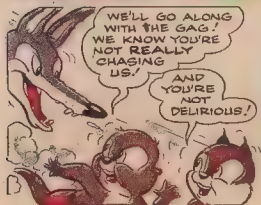
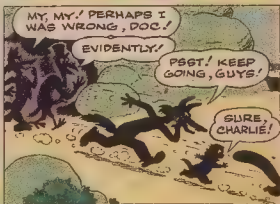
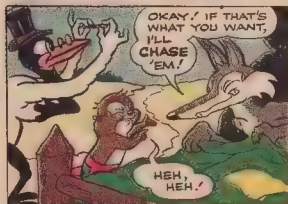
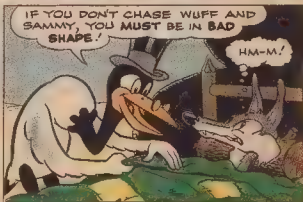
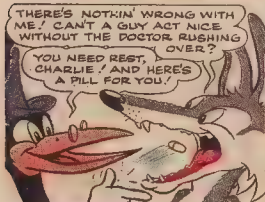
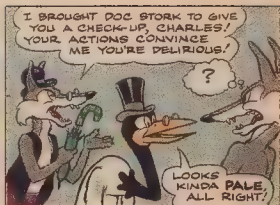
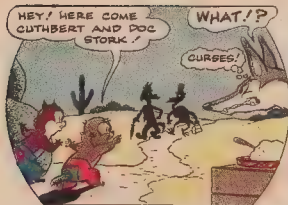


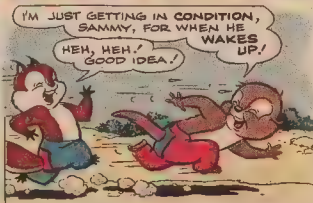
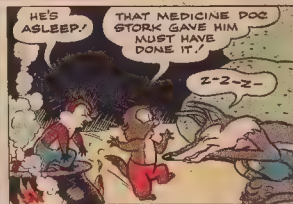
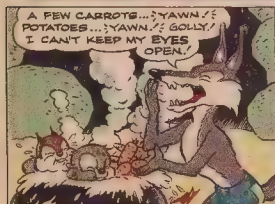
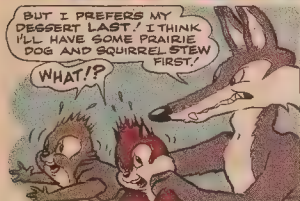
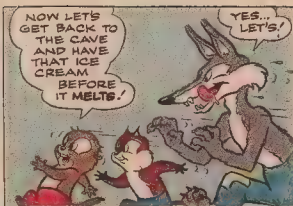


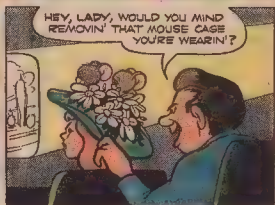
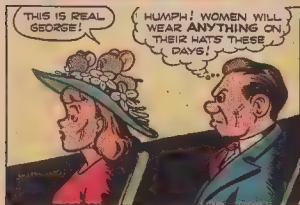
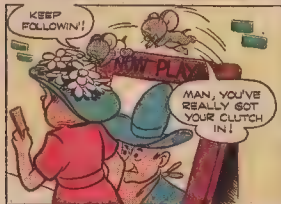
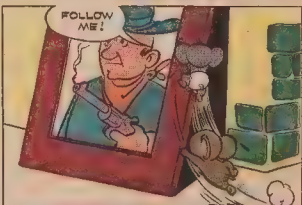
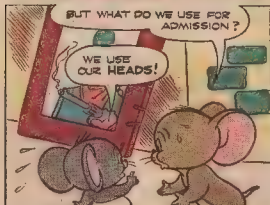
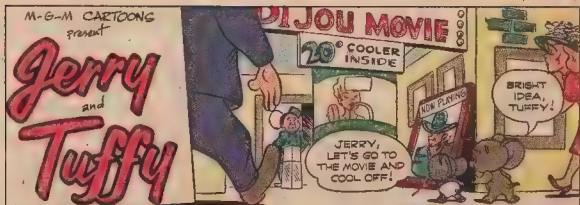


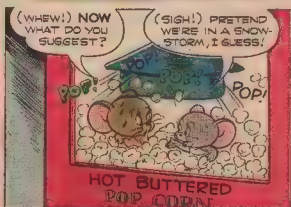
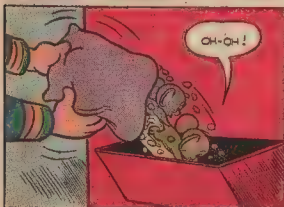
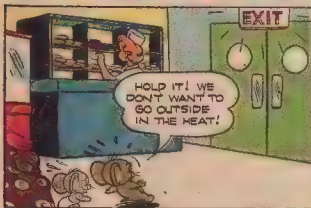
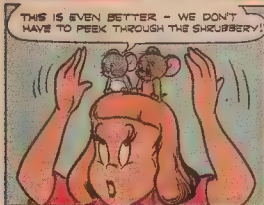
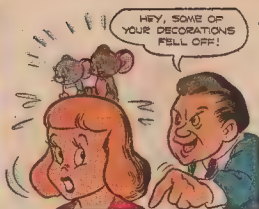
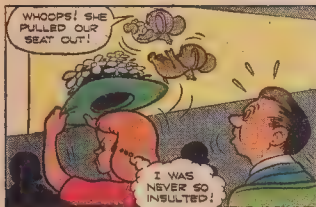












M-G-M CARTOONS

present

fuzzy wuzzy

TAKE US TO
THE CIRCUS
UNCLE
BARNEY!
WILL YOU,
HUM?

NO, BOYS!
I CAN'T BE TAKIN'
YOU PLACES EVERY
TIME YOU GET BORED
WITH LIFE!

THERE'S PLENTY OF THINGS AROUND
HERE TO KEEP YOU OCCUPIED...
THE PIANO, FOR INSTANCE!

OKAY! SO WE'LL
PERFORM ON
THE PIANER!

ARE YOU READY, MAESTRO?

YOWZAH,
COUSIN!

GUESS MY LITTLE
TALK DID SOME GOOD!

WELL, THEN
GO, MAN, GO!

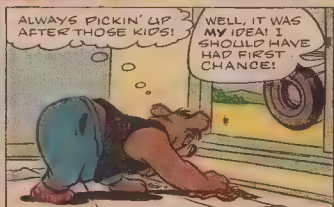
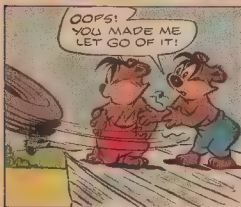
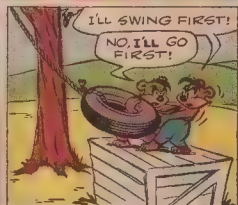
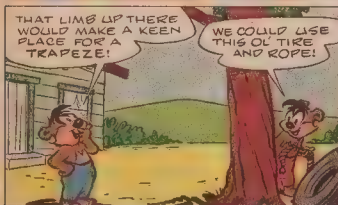
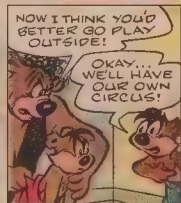
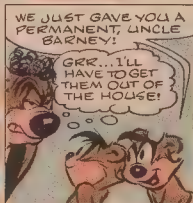
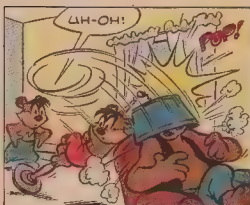
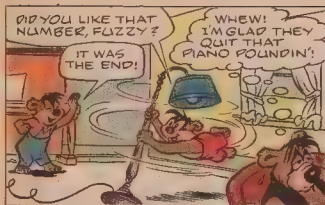
GET ONTO THAT
STOMP BOX!

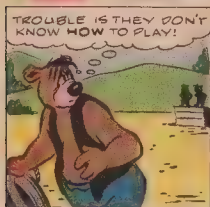
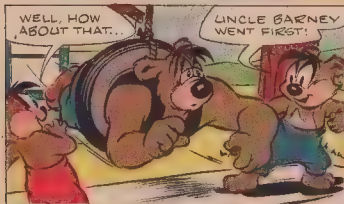
OH, BUT YOU
ARE SOLID!

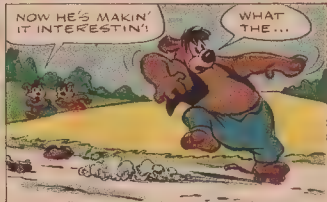
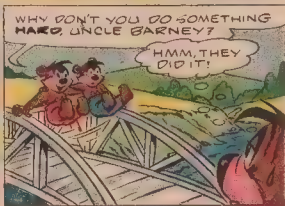
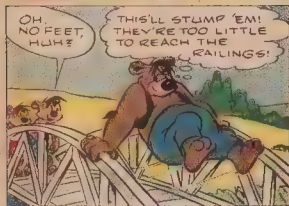
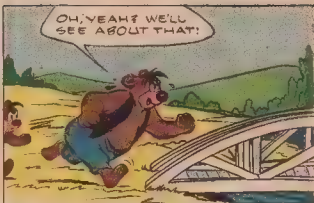
THEIR
PLAYING IS
TERRIBLE, BUT
AT LEAST IT
KEEPS THEM
AMUSED!

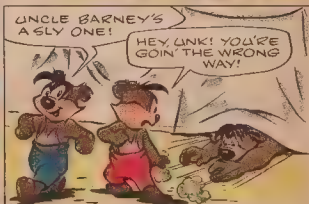
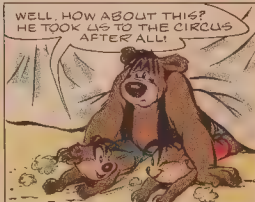
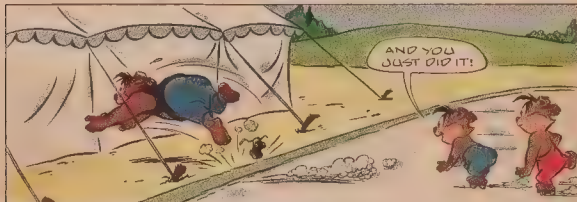
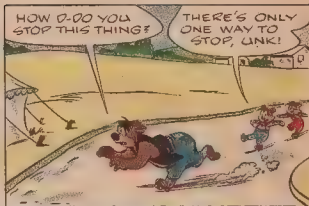
HOW AM
I DOIN'?

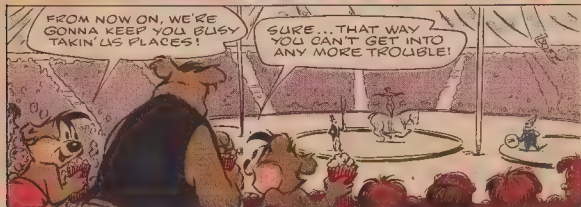
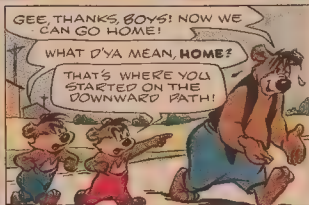
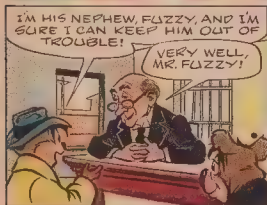
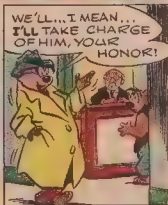
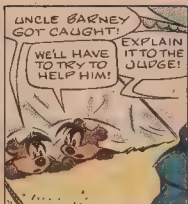
YOU'RE REAL
FRANTIC!









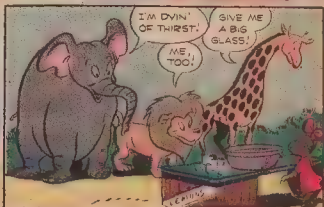
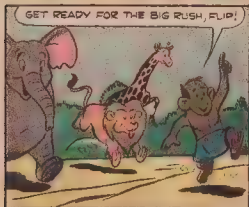
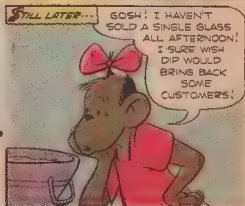
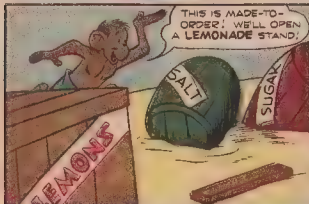


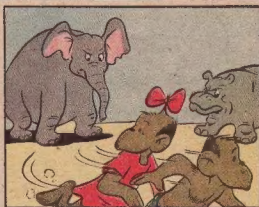
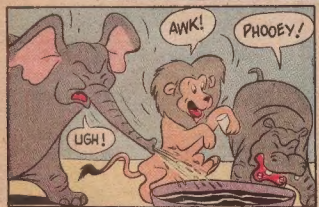
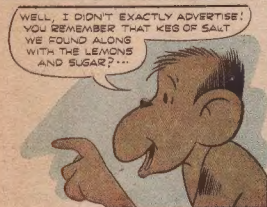
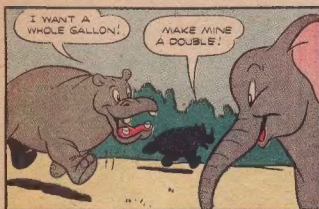
FLIP & DIP

I'VE BEEN THINKIN' DIP! WE SHOULD START UP SOME KIND OF A BUSINESS!

LOOK WHAT'S WASHED UP ON THE BEACH, FLIP!

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Name

Address

City Zone

State Age

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10c

to cover cost
of mailing

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talks. Be the first in your neighbor-
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is shown in gay,
bright, rich colors
that'll please and
delight you. Make
sure you send for
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color folder today!



"SPARK UP YOU'RE SWINGING LATE!"

said Home Run King **AL ROSEN**

OF THE CLEVELAND INDIANS



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There's a whole kernel of wheat in every Wheaties flake...

- ★ WHOLE WHEAT HELPS YOU GROW
- ★ WHOLE WHEAT HELPS YOU BUILD STRONG MUSCLE
- ★ WHOLE WHEAT FOR A FEELING OF WELL BEING

**SPARK UP
WITH
WHEATIES**



Breakfast of Champions